

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee:

These Babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.  
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:  
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,  
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

*Dor.* Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,  
That you take with vithankfulnesse his doing.  
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,  
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:  
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

*Rivers.* Madam, bebinke you like a carefull Mother  
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,  
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.  
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards graue,  
And plant your ioyes in liuing Edwards Throne.

*Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.*

*Rich.* Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause  
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:  
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.  
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,  
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,  
I craue your Blessing.

*Dur.* God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,  
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

*Rich.* Amen, and make me die a good old man,  
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;  
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

*Buc.* You cloudy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres,  
That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,  
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:  
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,  
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.  
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,  
Must gently be prefer'd, cherisht, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,  
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

*Rivers.* Why with some little Traine,  
My Lord of Buckingham?

*Buc.* Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is greene, and yet vn-gouern'd.  
Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,  
And may direct his course as please himselfe,  
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,  
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

*Rich.* I hope the King made peace with all of vs,  
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all,  
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put  
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:  
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,  
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Rich.* Then be it so, and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall poste to London.  
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go  
To giue your censures in this businesse. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Buckingham, and Richard.*

*Buc.* My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,  
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:  
For by the way, Ile fort occasion,  
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.  
*Rich.* My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,  
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cofin,  
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,  
Toward London then, for wee'll not stay behinde. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.*

*1. Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

*2. Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:  
Heare you the newes abroad?

*1.* Yes, that the King is dead.

*2.* Ill newes byrlady, seldom comes the better:  
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

*3.* Neighbours, God speed.

*1.* Giue you good morrow sir.

*3.* Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

*2.* I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

*3.* Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

*1.* No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

*3.* Wee to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.

*2.* In him there is a hope of Government,

Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

*1.* So stood the State, when Henry the sixt

Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

*3.* Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot

For then this Land was famously enrich'd

With politike graue Counsell; then the King

Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

*1.* Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

*3.* Better it were they all came by his Father:

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be neereft,

Will touch vs all too neere, if God present not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,

And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haughe and proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly Land, might solace as before.

*1.* Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.

*3.* When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;

When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;

When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Death:

All may be well; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

*2.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

That looks not heauily, and full of dread.

*3.* Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,

By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

*Ensuuing*

Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see  
The Water swell before a boystrous storme:  
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?  
*1.* Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.  
*3.* And so was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-bishop, young Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.*

*Arch.* Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,  
And at Northampton they do rest to night:  
Tomorrow, or next day, they will be heere.

*Dur.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince:  
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

*Qu.* But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke  
Has almost ouertane him in his growth.

*Yorke.* I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

*Dur.* Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

*Yor.* Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,

My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster,

Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.

And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make hast.

*Dur.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did obiect the same to thee.

He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong.

So long a growing, and so leysurely,

That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Yor.* And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

*Dur.* I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

*Yor.* Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,

I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,

To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

*Dur.* How my yong Yorke,

I prythee let me heare it.

*Yor.* Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,

Twass full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest.

*Dur.* I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

*Yor.* Grandam, his Nurffe.

*Dur.* His Nurffe? why she was dead, ere y waft borne.

*Yor.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Qu.* A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.

*Dur.* Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

*Mes.* Such newes my Lord, as greenes me to report.

*Qu.* How doth the Prince?

*Mes.* Well Madam, and in health.

*Dur.* What is thy Newes?

*Mes.* Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,

Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

*Dur.* Who hath committed them?

*Mes.* The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

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